

LETTERMAN
COLLECTION

THE
FIRST INDIAN MASSACRE
IN THE
VALLEY OF WYOMING,
FIFTEENTH OCTOBER, 1763.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE WYOMING
MONUMENT ON JULY 3, 1889, BY

WILLIAM HENRY EGLE, M. D.

HARRISBURG, PA.
HARRISBURG PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1890.

HATFIELD
COLLECTION

S. J.

To the Memory of him,
Who, in History's Cause,
Sought out the Truth,
And right royally gave.

366089

PREFATORY NOTE.

The Paper which follows was hastily prepared for the Wyoming Anniversary held at Forty Fort, on the 3d of July, 1889. Owing to the views expressed being so widely different from those held by the historians of Wyoming, it was not received with that candor manifested by the writer in its preparation. While some of those who heard it read, deemed it "defiant," portions of the newspaper press persisted in misrepresenting the facts stated. As a lover of the history and people of Wyoming, there was no desire to distort anything, and no one appreciated this more than that generous soul who has passed out from among men. What had been said was pondered well by him, and after faithful research, he came upon information which to him was convincing. The first intimation had, was a letter of the date of 25th December, 1889, which in part, reads:

"In looking over my grandfather's papers, I came across some pieces of paper much worn, which I had the curiosity to pick out and put together until I got one half of the document that could be read together. Its looks impressed me with the idea of its having been read much and worn in the handling. The contents were somewhat novel to me, and proved to be just what we both had long been seeking, the solution of the massacre of 15th October, 1763. As it is in my grandfather's handwriting, I cannot go back on it, for I have always found him perfectly truthful. The tenor of the

paper is a succinct history of the first attempts at settlement at Wyoming, the hinderances met with, etc., beginning at the beginning and coming down till after the decree of Trenton. *The story as told confirms your theory*, and hence I suppose you are ready to approve its correctness. I reserve the right to make it public at our next meeting at the monument."

Replying promptly to Mr. Jenkins' very kind letter, subsequently the following was received:

"The document of my grandfather is not lengthy, and is of importance only as it sets forth that the massacre of 15th October, 1763, was done by the *savages*. Having made the mistake of suggesting that it was quite as possible that it was done by the forces under Clayton and Elder, whom you endeavored to free from the crime in your address, I desire to present the case in its true light by giving full force and effect to your history and arguments in support of your theory, closing with the fact that we now have the most positive proof that it was done by the savages, and not by the Pennamites. I prefer this course in *vindication of myself*, and not of you, *for you need none.*"

This document, perchance unsatisfactory, written by the grandfather of our friend, is given in connection with the address. With it, through the courtesy of the Rev. David Craft, the deposition of Parshall Terry is presented.

In addition, after considerable inquiry, it was found that a copy of the "Narration," written by one of the captives of that massacre, printed in 1767, and which not one of the historians of Wyoming had ever seen, was in existence, and a copy secured. It also is given

herewith, more on account of its rarity than the light shed upon that bloody transaction. It is hoped that this pamphlet will therefore be accepted as an earnest and honest contribution to the History of the Valley of Wyoming.

Hampton Roads,





THE FIRST MASSACRE AT WYOMING.

FRIENDS OF WYOMING: I do not know what could have induced your Committee to invite me to take part in the exercises of this Memorial Day of "fair Wyoming," and furthermore, why I should have at the last moment accepted it, when another and an abler one is upon your printed programme to give the Historical Address. It is an old saying that "he who hesitates is lost," and it was either yes or no promptly, and so I am here, to greet you all on this mid-summer day, in the inspiring hope that what I have to say will be calmly weighed ere harsh judgment be given.

I see around me the representatives of those lion-hearted men whose history reads more like a romance than a tragic reality. They are more familiar with the events, the traditions, and the folk-lore of this beautiful valley, aye their whole lives are imbued with its history, and I marvel much why the descendant of a pioneer Swiss-Huguenot settler from interior Pennsylvania should be induced to endeavor if possible to interest, if he does not entertain, you for a brief space of time.

I am a Pennsylvanian in the broadest acceptance of that term. I do not covet descent from the turbulent Connecticut Yankee, the shrewd and avaricious disciples of Penn, the plodding German, or the pugnacious Scotch-Irish, and yet there are traits in all these to be admired, to be honored, and which go to make up our great Pennsylvania family—a State never yet understood by those who are not of it, or who, pre-

judged by descent, parade their own ancestral greatness and belittle that of others. A true Pennsylvanian rises above all this. He sees clearly what has made the greatest Commonwealth among the Union of States—that the characteristics of one class so dovetails into the other that harmony and grandeur is the result. And so, my friends, I have come here to-day with the patriotic impulses of a good Pennsylvanian, humbly to lay before you my tribute to Wyoming.

The history of this valley is familiar to you all. Chapman, and Miner, and Pearce, a trio of honored names, have repeated its story, and no writer in the ages to come can dwell upon the incidents of the past, without recognizing their untold services to its historical literature. And yet, you and I can see that in every instance, whatever in your history was not accomplished by the Connecticut Yankee—however brave and heroic the act—however frightful the desolation, and terrible the suffering,—were far from being appreciated. The causes of all misfortune were laid at the door of those *who were not* of Connecticut. My friends, you have done great injustice to those who befriended Wyoming in her hour of need, and I plainly tell you so. This is exemplified in the account given in the massacre of the first pioneer settlers at Wyoming—the only subject of your history to which I shall fully allude.

This day and hour, and yonder monument, recall to mind the awful tragedy of 1778. Of the dreadful destruction which swept over Wyoming, it is not my province at this time to enter upon. Neither is it my intention to take the part of either Connecticut or

Pennsylvania in the great controversy which ensued, upon the claims the former set up, and which for one-third of a century brought strife and bloodshed where peace and harmony should have reigned. Others more familiar with the events of that sad July day have given the world its history, and there is no more tearful story of woe and desolation than that which then befell this beautiful valley.

A prior incident, however, in the history of Wyoming claims our attention for a few brief moments to-day, and it is well to carefully look over the records of the past, now and then, to correct errors in the light of new facts, and smooth over the rough outlines of set tradition.

In the latter part of the year 1762, and the early spring of 1763, some twenty families from Connecticut settled upon lands claimed by the Susquehanna Company of that colony. We are not here to inquire by what right these settlers came. Their new-foundland was one of peace. Their first summer had been one of prosperity—the crops promised an abundant yield—and the enterprising backwoodsmen looked forward to a season of quiet happiness.

“ Not full the measure of domestic peace

To them, the forest turning into fields;

Not theirs from boding fears to find release,

Or sleep the sleep for which fatigue appeals;

Their sweating labor winning slow increase

Of promis'd store the furrow'd soil reveals;

For, night by night, the settler's fireside group

May, ringing in their ears, wake to the prowler's
whoop.

“ From mountain slope, or copse, or reedy sedge,
 From hazel clump or alder’s cov’ring shade.
 With reeking knife, and ire of keener edge,
 And willing hand to drive the piercing blade ;
 And glitt’ring eyes that bitter deeds presage,
 Gairish in pomp of rudest taste display’d,
 The Iroquois, with hellish hate imbued,
 Would glut on helpless babes his savage thirst for
 blood.

“ Who yet with the authentic pen has shed
 The light of truth historic on this race ?
 Grim Torture’s sons !—wielding the hatchet red,
 Firing the splints thrust into breast and face ;
 Stripping with gory blade the captive’s head,
 Of that fair crown a Maker put in place.
 For lengthen’d ages, but one Nero sprung ;
 These, each and all alike, spare neither old nor
 young.”

The Six Nations Indians, always treacherously inclined, made serious complaints to the Provincial authorities of Pennsylvania regarding the Connecticut people for having settled upon land *which had not been purchased from them*. At first little notice was taken of the matter, but again and again the complaints were repeated. In obedience thereto, and to conciliate the Indians, Gov. Hamilton issued a proclamation which reads as follows :

“ A PROCLAMATION.—Whereas, divers Persons, the natural born subjects of His Majesty, belonging to some of the Neighbouring Colonies have, without any License or Grant from the Honourable the Proprietaries

of this Province, or Authority from this Government, made several Attempts, in Bodies, to possess themselves of & settle upon a large Tract of Land within the limits of this Province, not yet purchased from the Indians, lying at and between Wyoming, on the River Susquehanna, and Cushietunck, on the River Delaware, and in the upper parts of Northampton County; and have also endeavoured to persuade and inveigle many of the inhabitants of this and neighboring Provinces to confederate and join with them in such their illegal and dangerous Designs, and to assist in settling & holding the said Lands by strong hand; And Whereas, the Delawares and other Tribes of Indians who reside within that Tract of Country between Wyoming and Cushietunck, and also the Six Nations Indians, have, as well at public Treaties as at divers other Times, repeatedly made Complaints and Remonstrances to me against the said Practices and Attempts & in the most earnest manner requested & insisted that the said Intruders should be removed by the Government to which they belonged, or by me, & declared if this was not done the Indians would come & remove them by Force, and do themselves Justice; but desired that the said intruders might be previously acquainted therewith, that they might not pretend ignorance; And Whereas, notwithstanding I have already issued two Proclamations, viz: the first dated in February 1761, and the second dated the 16th day of September following, to apprize the said intruders of their danger, and to forbid their settling on the said Lands, and strictly enjoining & requiring in His Majesty's Name, all those who had presumed to settle on any part

thereof, immediately to depart & move away from the same; yet I have lately received Information and fresh Complaints from the said Indians that divers Persons in contempt of such my several Proclamations, and the Threats of the Indians, do still persist in their said Design, and are now actually settling on divers parts of the said Lands about Wyoming and Cushietunck.

“Wherefore, as well to continue my endeavours to preserve the peace and friendship which is now so happily restored and subsisting between us and the Indians, and to prevent the mischievous and terrible consequences of their carrying into execution such their threats, from which I am greatly apprehensive the Indians cannot any longer be restrained, if the said intruders shall not immediately relinquish their designs of settling the said lands, as also again to warn any of the inhabitants of this Province from being unwarily drawn in to join the said intruders in such their unjust designs of making settlements in the said Indian country, I have judged it proper, before any force shall be used against the said intruders, by and with the advice of this Council, to issue this my Third Proclamation, hereby again strictly subjoining and requiring in His Majesty’s name, all and every person and persons already settled and residing on the said lands, (Indians excepted,) immediately to depart and move away from the same. And do hereby forbid all His Majesty’s Subjects of this or any other Province or Colony, on any pretence whatsoever, to intrude upon, settle or possess any of the said Lands or any other Lands within the Limits of this Province, not yet purchased of the Indians, as they will answer the contrary at their Peril,

and on pain of being immediately prosecuted with the utmost Rigor of the Law. And hereby also restricting, charging, enjoining & requiring all Sheriffs, Magistrates, Peace Officers, and all other His Majesty's liege People within this Province, to exert themselves and use their utmost Endeavours to prosecute and bring to Justice & condign Punishment, all Offenders in the Premises."

(Signed)

"JAMES HAMILTON."

It is true that his Excellency, two years before, when the lands in Wyoming were being surveyed, issued the said proclamations, yet these were probably not placed in possession of the members of the Connecticut Susquehanna Company. The authorities of Northampton county, by direction of the Governor, it is presumed, notified the settlers, who answered, "that they claimed under the Connecticut government and an Indian purchase, and that they would hold their lands until it was decided by the highest authority in whom the true title was vested."

Gov. Hamilton represented the case to the Governor of Connecticut, as well as to Sir William Johnson, his majesty's superintendent of Indian affairs. We hear nothing further until the Lancaster conference with the Six Nations Indians in August, 1762, when the Governor alluded to the Indian sale of lands at Wyoming. In reply, Thomas King, an Oneida chief, "without consulting any of the other chiefs," so reads the record, "rose up and spoke:"

"Brother: It is very well known that the Land was sold by the Six Nations; some are here now that sold that land; it was sold for Two Thousand Dol-

lars, but it was not sold by our Consent in publick Council; *it was as it were stolen from us.* Some people said that my name was to it, on which I went down immediately to Connecticut to see whether it was or not, and found it was not; I brought a paper back from Connecticut, which I shall shew to the Governor. Had I not gone down to Connecticut, the Lands would have been all settled up to Wyomink as far as Awicka, Twelve miles on this side of Chenango.”

Almost a year elapsed before the Governor issued the proclamation just read in your hearing, and it is doubted if he would even then have issued it, preferring to leave its adjustment to Sir William Johnson had not the pressure of the Quaker Assembly been brought to bear, and he was thus compelled to do that which he did not believe was perchance proper under the circumstances. This was followed up the month following by voluminous instructions to Col. James Burd, commanding the Provincial forces at Fort Augusta, [Sunbury,] and Thomas McKee, a well known and influential Indian trader on the Susquehanna. Here they are :

“I have lately received Intelligence with fresh Complaints from the Indians at Wyoming, that the Connecticut People still persist in prosecuting their Scheme of settling the Lands about Wyoming, and at & about Cushietunck; And with the advice of the Council, I have thought it proper to issue a third Proclamation on that occasion, & to desire that you will immediately take a journey to Wyoming, with such assistance as you shall judge proper to take along with you, and use your best endeavours to persuade or drive away all

the White People that you shall find settled, or about to settle there, or on any lands not yet purchased from the Indians.

“Before you shew yourself amongst them, you will gain all the Information and Light you can into their Designs, what their numbers are, & learn the names of as many as you can; where settled, or about to settle; What numbers (and from whence) they expect to join them.

“On your arrival amongst them, you will convene the heads of them, & after reading the Proclamation, expostulate with them about the injustice, Absurdity and Danger of their attempting to settle there, and let them know that I expect and require of them by you, that they shall all immediately Depart and quit their Settlements and if they shall agree to go away peaceably, You will then after their departure, see all their Buildings and Improvements destroyed; and in case they refuse to comply, You will then acquaint them that they may rest assured that besides the danger they may be in from the resentment of the Indians, this Government will never permit them to continue there; and that therefore it would be most advisable for them to return peaceably to their own Country, & desist entirely from their design of making any more Settlements there.

“If you find these Expostulations and persuasive means shall not succeed, & that you can do it without danger of Resistance from a Superior Force, and risque of Bloodshed (which by no means hazard) I would have you, either by Stratagem or Force, to get three or four of the ringleaders, or others of them, apprehended

and carried to the Goal at Lancaster, sending with them a proper force & Mittimus under your hands & Seals, there to wait my further orders.

“And if that cannot be done, you will endeavor to get the names of as many of them as you can, in order that they may be prosecuted at Law, and further measures taken with them, as shall at your Return be judged most proper. For this end I have armed you with a special Commission, constituting you Magistrates of the Counties of Northampton, Berks, and Lancaster, but I imagine, the Lands where they are settling must be in Northampton County.

“You will please keep a Journal of your Proceedings, and on your return report the same to me in writing under your hands, with an Account of your Expences, that orders may be given for the discharge thereof.”

As mentioned with reference to the former proclamations, it is doubtful if any of the settlers saw or heard of the official document of the Governor, inasmuch as it is not upon record that Col. Burd or Mr. McKee ever went upon their errand, in obedience to their instructions. Just here, let me say, that Mr. Miner, who follows Mr. Chapman, makes a statement which is far from correct. It was that Colonel James Boyd, on being “ordered by Governor Hamilton to repair to Wyoming, found the valley abandoned by the Indians, who had scalped those they had killed and carried away their captives and plunder. The bodies of the slain lay strewed upon the field and Colonel Boyd, having caused them to be decently interred, withdrew with his detachment down the river.” The facts are that

Colonel James Burd, who is undoubtedly the person alluded to as Colonel James Boyd, did not reach Wyoming prior to the terrible calamity which befell the Connecticut settlers during the autumn of that year.

As previously stated, it was the Six Nations Indians who made complaint, not the Delawares. These finding their complaints unheeded, determined, as is the case generally with desperate characters, to take the matter into their own hands. The marauding party had made their way down the West Branch of the Susquehanna river some distance from the fort at Shamokin, unperceived, where the Provincial troops were guarding the frontiers, and crossing the river at the mouth of the Juniata near Clark's Ferry moved east until they reached the lovely Kittatinny valley through the gap in the North mountain at Manada creek. Here they committed many murders, destroyed much property, secured a large number of scalps, and then quickly escaped through the Toliheo, now the Indian-town gap, thus eluding the vigilance of the scouts ranging along the base of the mountain, until they found their way into the Wyoming valley. Here the Connecticut settlers were quietly and peaceably pursuing their avocations. In an unguarded hour most of the inhabitants lost their lives or were taken into captivity, while their cabins and stock were committed to the flames.

A thrilling narrative of this bloody affair (the first massacre in the Valley) was published by one of the survivors, after his escape from captivity, and neither at that time or at any other period until the first historian began to make up the history of this locality,

was there even an intimation that this tragedy was inaugurated, plotted, or even approved of by the Pennsylvania authorities. The infamous transaction was conceived, planned, and carried out by those infernal red savages from New York, the Cayugas and Oneidas. The Delawares and Shawanese, especially the latter, with all their intrigue, treachery, and bloodthirstiness, would gladly have been the willing instruments, in this indiscriminate slaughter, if but "the sign" had been given. The "untutored savage" of America has left many a bloody page upon our history, and I have no "sentimentalism" for him. From the massacre of Commissary Osset's colony on the Delaware, in 1631, until the last Indian war-whoop upon the waters of the Allegheny, in 1791, the aborigine has written his name in blood-hideous characters never to be effaced.

At this crisis, Col. John Elder, the revered Minister of Paxtang and Derry, who held a commission in the Provincial service, and commanded a battalion of Rangers east of the Susquehanna, between the North and the South mountains, although he had previously requested permission, which was refused by the proprietary governor, to send a body of scouts into the Indian country, the deadly work of the savages in his own neighborhood left no alternative at this time, and he pushed forward a force of eighty soldiers and volunteers, under command of Major Asher Clayton, in hot pursuit of the fugitives. Fleet of foot they were, but the red demons of the forest were far upon their retreat northward. From their situation at Fort Hunter, on the Susquehanna, five miles above Harrisburg, the company of Rangers made rapid way along

and over the mountains, hoping to head off the Indians who it seems had entered the Wyoming valley just two days before their arrival. In the language of one of Wyoming's poets, elsewhere quoted, (Caleb E. Wright,)

“The housewife o'er her task is bent,
 The artless children all at play ;
 When through the door in fierce array
 Rushes the hideous visitant ;—
 Wolves less intent upon their prey !—
 The peaceful throngs of other climes
 Beneath the banner of the law,
 In hearing of the welcome chimes
 That saints to sweet communion draw ;
 May vainly judge the dark abyss,
 Whelming the soul in hours like this.
 Not mother's prayer nor infant's cry,
 Nor wail in brutal clutch, avails ;
 The cord that knits humanity,
 That love that over all prevails,—
 The love which on the fatal tree
 Set crime from condemnation free,
 A passion is of Heav'nly grace,—
That in the savage has no place.”

Thus in one fell hour the settlement was wiped out of existence.

It was a sickening sight which met the eyes of these scouts. Many of them had lost relatives and friends at the hands of the savages, and they were eager to pursue them to their very cabins on the lakes. But such a course would have resulted disastrously.

No better description is needed of what they saw there, than is found in the Pennsylvania Gazette, Number 1818, for October 27, 1763. It is an extract from a letter dated at Paxtang, Lancaster county, October 23, 1763:

“Our party under Captain Clayton is returned from Wyoming, where they met no Indians, but found the New Englanders, who had been killed and scalped a day or two before they got there. They buried the Dead, nine Men and one Woman, who had been most cruelly butchered; the Woman was roasted, and had two Hinges in her Hands, supposed to have been put in red hot; and several of the Men had Awls thrust into their Eyes, and Spears, Arrows, Pitchforks, &c., sticking in their Bodies. They burned what Houses the Indians left, and destroyed a Quantity of Indian Corn. The Enemy’s tracks were up the River towards Wighalousing.”

For this act of burning the remaining cabins of the Connecticut settlers, and destroying the fields of corn left standing, your Wyoming historians have not failed to denounce it as unmerciful and villainous. It may appear so, and yet an unprejudiced mind, under no circumstance would impute the act to any other motive but that ascribed—of preventing the same from falling into the hands of the enemy, for surely it would have furnished a magazine of food to the murderous and marauding. The men who led the party were not of that class who had lost all the dictates of humanity. They were merciful and kind—whatever the provocation. It was done to prevent the return of the Connecticut settlers, some say, but in that sanguinary hour

this would have had little weight, the Connecticut or Pennsylvania claim was never taken into consideration at such a time—for the shocking sight moved the brave Rangers to tears. The Scotch-Irish frontiersman who composed this band of scouts were not to be influenced by Quaker clamor or Proprietary misrule. From their very first settlement in Pennsylvania down to the present year of grace, Anno Domini 1889, they are the same humane people, yet as determined and fearless as the Kittatinny Mountains which looked down upon their backwoods homes. There are attributes in the Scotch-Irish make-up which have entered largely into these notable characteristics of Pennsylvania manhood.

And who were these men?

In a letter which Charles Miner, your great historian, wrote, subsequent to the appearance of his history, speaking of the Rev. John Elder, he held this language:

“I am greatly struck with the evidences of learning, talent, and spirit displayed by the Rev. Mr. Elder. He was beyond doubt the most extraordinary man of early Pennsylvania history. . . . He was certainly a very extraordinary man, of most extensive influence—full of activity and enterprise, learned, pious, and a ready writer. I take him to have been of the old Cameronian blood. Had his lot been cast in New England he would have been a leader of the Puritans. If I ever publish another edition of my ‘Wyoming,’ I will endeavor to do justice to him. I hope some one may draw up a full memoir of his life, and a narrative, well digested, of his times.”

Of Major Asher Clayton I trust I may be permitted

to say a word. He was one of the most prominent officers of the French and Indian war—was of a good family, an excellent soldier, a noble-hearted and Christian gentleman. He would have abhorred an unkind or indecent act as one would shrink from a deadly reptile.

It has been intimated that Captain Lazarus Stewart was there—he who fell at the fore-front of battle on that dark day of July, 1778. *But he was not!* No man has been more villified or maligned than that brave yet perchance injudicious officer. Fear was not in his make up. But I come not to praise this Cæsar of yours.

And now, my friends, permit me to digress for a few moments, and refer briefly to certain portions of an address delivered by the learned Editor of the Philadelphia "*Press*," at the commencement of Union College, Schenectady, on June 26, wherein he said:

"In 1784, a great flood swept the teeming valley of the Susquehanna, carrying death, havoc, and destruction on its tumultuous bosom. Untold anguish, suffering, and starvation followed. The Legislature was urged to send relief to the hapless sufferers, but they were Yankees from Connecticut, and it was stolidly deaf to their piteous cries. Nay more, it seized the opportunity to proscribe them as tresspassers, and, with a barbarity that is almost beyond belief, the horrors of a military scourge were added to the blight of nature's calamity, and many escaped the terrors of the flood only to perish by the more cruel sword or to become victims of the not more savage wolves of the forest to which they were driven."

Now, as veritable Pennsylvanians, as I know you all are, let us see how much of truth there is in this statement. Under the decree of Trenton, the Pennsylvania Commissioners repaired to Wyoming with instructions to inquire "into the cases of the settlers, and to encourage, as much as possible, reasonable and friendly compromises between the parties claiming," and that it was "highly improper that any proceedings at law should be had for the recovery of any lands or tenements during the said inquiry." It was also provided that "all further proceedings be stayed." The chairman of this commission was the Rev. Joseph Montgomery, an alumnus of the College of New Jersey and also of Yale, a Presbyterian clergyman, and a member of the Confederated Continental Congress. No abler man could have been sent on this peace-errand, but he was on the side of Pennsylvania, and the leaders of the settlers made light of the commissioners. Unfortunately, the Pennsylvania claimants, who were wholly residents of Philadelphia, had a shrewd and unscrupulous attorney, Captain Alexander Patterson—and to him the commissioners gave ear. As a result, little was accomplished, and the commissioners in August, 1783, reported their failure to the General Assembly. That body seems at the time to have been under the influence of the Philadelphia land-owners, and such action was taken by them as was in consonance with the suggestions and views of Patterson. Two companies of State troops were sent to Wyoming ostensibly for protection against the Indians when there were none in arms.

In the spring of 1784, following these unfruitful

labors, there was a terrible ice flood in the Susquehanna, which, although destructive of many of the buildings and fences of the settlers, *only one life was lost*. It was not a Conemaugh cataclysm.

President Dickinson, true to the instincts of his nobility of manhood, sent this brief message to the Assembly :

“GENTLEMEN: The late inundation having reduced many of the inhabitants at Wyoming to great distress, we should be glad if your honorable House would be pleased to make some immediate provision for their relief.

(Signed)

JOHN DICKINSON.

“*Phila., March 31, 1784.*

“Ordered to lie on the table.”

Of course, nothing was done by that illustrious (?) body, and it was left to the charitable inhabitants of the adjoining counties to send relief. And this was forthcoming—Lancaster, and Berks, and Cumberland, contributed flour and grain—and the necessities of the Wyoming people *were* relieved.

Now for the next statement. Under orders by irresponsible parties, the troops at Wyoming, in May following, began to carry out a system of eviction against the Connecticut settlers. The poor people, driven from their houses, were well on their way to the Delaware, when the State authorities put a stop to these high-handed outrages, and the settlers were persuaded to return to their former homes. I have not words strong enough to denounce this outrage, yet I could not with all the polish of rhetoric or eloquence of the orator referred to, have had such a poor opinion of this

dear old Commonwealth to have proclaimed this upon the house-tops. *Not one perished by the sword.*

And so I close. If I have come into contact with those who have held to thread-bare tradition, if the facts I have briefly presented should fail to convince them that I am correct—unlike the red demon of the forest of a century or more ago, I shall not delight to have their scalps hanging to my belt, but will leave them to their own reflections. The few brief hours allowed me for preparation have so crowded thought, without the privilege of proper elucidation, that what I have said may appear to be unsatisfactory. An historical address requires time, care, research, and above all conciseness. If what I have said has any merit, it is *brevity*. And yet I cannot lay aside these few leaflets, without tendering my hearty congratulations to the people of this favored valley, so rich and yet so sad with historic incident; and you people of Wyoming do well, in coming here upon the anniversary of this memorial day of yours to offer your votive wreaths at the place where lie your dead. They died that you might live. They have left this heritage to you and your children. And yet not yours, but that of the people of Pennsylvania in general.

You people of Wyoming are too selfish—you have closely garnered up your chosen history, claiming it as your own birth-right — scarcely permitting any one to share with you in honoring or revering the memories of those who fell upon this fated field. For the true-hearted Pennsylvanian of whatever descent, I claim a part. The Scotch-Irish, the German, and Swiss-Huguenot, would take as much interest in your sad his-

tory as the descendants of the Connecticut Yankees, but you would not. You have wrapped yourselves up in your own selfish pride of birth, and ignored the sympathy of your fellow-citizens in other portions of the great State we rejoice to be natives of. Let it be otherwise in the years to come. Let all the sons of Pennsylvania know that they are welcome here, welcome to your history, welcome to all the hallowed memories of this lovely valley. It will be better for all—for if there is one thing above all others common in this grand old Commonwealth of ours—it is its history—its dark and light pages — its sunshine and its gloom — yet noble from its beginnings, and triumphant down through its more than two centuries of prosperity and happiness.

APPENDIX.

THE MEMORIAL.

[This memorial to the Assembly of Pennsylvania is imperfect, and, where we are not satisfied as to the exact wording, the blank has been left between the brackets. It has been deemed proper, however, to give it in full, from the fact that it was the document alluded to by Mr. Jenkins.]

“ The Hon’ble The [Repre]sentatives of the Freemen of [the Commonwealth of] Pennsylvania in Gen’l Assembly met :

The petition and address of John [Franklin, and John Jenkins] In behalf of themselves and others their Constituents [Inhabitants] Settlers and Claimers of Lands in that Territory [situated on the] Waters of the River Susquehanna under the claim [of Connecticut,] Most Respectfully sheweth :

That in the year 1754 a large number of the Inh[abitants of] Connecticut (having obtained the consent of the [Assembly) made a] Bona-fide purchase of the Six Nations of Indi[ans, of all the] Country on the Waters of the River Susquehanna [situated] East of the N. East branch of said River extending [six miles East], and Twenty Miles West, the whole Breadth of the [42nd Degree of] Latitude, for a valuable Consideration paid them, [the aforesaid] Indians gave them a good and ample de[ed for the same] According to the [] to be fully with [] Connécticut gra[nt] a subsequent gra[nt in the] the Name of the Susquehanna company ; and in 1755 proceeded to Locate

and survey valuable lands on the North East Branch of the said River; That in 1762 a large number of Proprietors takes possession of said land for themselves and their associates and makes large improvements thereupon. Dispossessed by the Savages in October, 1763; that in 1769 upwards of four hundred again resumed there possessions and were increasing for a Number of successive years, among which Proprietors and settlers were your Petitioners and those whom we Represent, regulated by the Laws of the Colony of Connecticut, Planted ourselves and families, subdued the Rugged wilderness to a state of Maturity.

That at the Commencement of the late War we had become very numerous and populous, Extended our settlements nearly the whole breadth of the 42 Degree.

That the State of Connecticut Exercised a full jurisdiction over us for a great number of Years, and until the decree at Trenton, December 30, 1782. A Complete Civil and Military Establishment was erected According to the Laws of said State of [We have] Planted and organized and lived Protected and happy [until the] War put a stop to — We furnished the Continental army with a number of Valible Officers and Soldiers, and left our Settlem't [weak and unguard]ed against the attack of the savages and those of a [savage n]ature.

[] our sufferings Were intolerable During the War- [] our strength fell a sacrifice to the []clent [] fury [] our streets couvered with the b[lood] of the slain [] less multiplied our whole settlement laid Desolate [] in a Most Inhuman Manner through the Wilderness []

Destitute and Naked [] Most pitifull and []
 [] licate feeling of humanity
 [] not willing to become burthensome to our
 friends and fellow [] orld and Having a []
 Zeal for our Country's [] count all the Dangers
 [] surviving inhabitants [] settle []

Yet notwithstanding the Depredations our numbers
 [] increasing to upwards of five thousand souls
 Extended our settlements as usual nearly the whole
 breadth of the 42 Degree on Each side of the aforesaid
 River. Though we Have Met with Repeated opposi-
 tion and sustained the loss of Much property by op-
 posing Claimants and have received no Recompense
 therefor.

Our only Claim to the aforesaid Land originated from
 our Purchase Made of the natives under prior grants
 from the State of Connecticut antecedent to the Settle-
 ment of jurisdiction Territorys Together with our pos-
 sessions and occupancy. Previous to any other grant
 of said Land which we ever conceived constituted an
 indisputable Title

The Change of Jurisdiction by the Court at Trenton
 is not Material to us provided we can live protected
 and happy, that our lives, liberties, reputations and
 property are duly secured to us beyond the Reach of
 the overbearing [] and designing; that we can
 peaceably enjoy our property and the blessings of civil
 government on constitutional principles; but we were
 Never apprehensive that the change of government
 could by any means be construed or understood to Ef-
 fect our possession of property, the authority Aforesaid
 [] and Cha [] as full and [] Custom

or Usage [] that all Judicial Proceedings []
 hold at said Westmorela [] said [] lyed and
 confe[]

aforesaid to your Honor [] Earnestly hope you
 will gra[] your Petitioners, and to th[]
 lent State and w[] People under your Constitu-
 tion [] grant us Relief as you []
 th[]

We as in Duty bound will ever [pray.]

(Signed)

JNO F[RANKLIN.]

JNO JEN[KINS.]

DEPOSITION OF PARSHALL TERRY.

[The following deposition confirms the statements made in the "Memorial" of John Franklin and John Jenkins. It is, says the Rev. David Craft, "one of the most important and valuable papers relating to the first settlement of the New England people in the Valley of Wyoming. Mr. Terry was one of the earliest settlers there, was in Forty Fort at the time of the battle, remained there for several days afterwards, when, finding the Indians had destroyed every means of subsistence, was compelled with the few others who had determined to hold possession with him at Wyoming, to return eastward.]

Parshall Terry being duly sworn, says that in the year 1762, he being then an inhabitant of Goshen, in the State, (then Province,) of New York, also being a

proprietor in the Connecticut Susquehannah Purchase, that being informed that the company of proprietors had granted two townships, ten miles square each, as a gratuity to the first 200 settlers, (then being proprietors,) or in proportion to a less number, conditioned that said settlers go on and hold possession for the company for the term of five years.

That as near as he can recollect, some time about the last of August of the same year, the deponent with ninety-three others, mostly from Connecticut, went on to Wyoming, that they carried and took with them horses and farming utensils for the purpose of carrying on business in the line of farming, that he well recollects the names of a number who went on in company with him whose names are as follows:

John Jenkins,	Timothy Hollister, Jr.,
William Buck,	Isaac Hollister,
Oliver Smith,	Thomas Marsh,
Abel Pierce,	Matthew Smith,
Obadiah Gore,	Benjamin Davis,
Daniel Gore,	George Minor,
Isaac Underwood,	Nath'l Hollister,
Isaac Bennett,	John Smith,
James Atherton,	Eliphalet Stevens,
Ebenezer Searles,	William Stevens,
Ephm. Taylor,	Ephraim Seely,
Ephraim Tayler, Jr.,	David Honeywell,
John Dorrance,	Jonathan Weeks,
Timothy Smith,	Jonathan Weeks, Jr.,
Jonathan Slocum,	Philip Weeks,
Benjamin Follett,	Uriah Stevens,
Nathan Hurlburt,	Gideon Lawrence,

Samuel Richards,
 Stephen Gardner,
 Augustus Hunt,
 John Comstock,
 Oliver Jewell,
 Ezra Dean,
 Daniel Larence,
 Ezekiel Pierce,
 Elkanah Fuller,
 Benj'n Ashley,
 Stephen Lee,
 —— Hover,

Silas Parke,
 Moses Kimball,
 Nath'l Terry,
 Wright Smith,
 Nath'l Chapman,
 Benjamin Shoemaker,
 Simeon Draper,
 Daniel Baldwin,
 David Marvin,
 Timothy Hollister,
 and the Rev. Wm. Marsh,
 a Baptist preacher.

The deponent saith that on their arrival at Wyoming they encamped at the mouth of Mill Creek, on the bank of the Susquehannah, where they built several huts for shelter, that they went on and cut grass and made hay on Jacob's Plains, that they were shortly joined by many others, that their whole company on the ground were one hundred and forty and upwards, that they continued on the ground according to his best recollection about ten days, that the season being far advanced, and finding that it would be difficult to procure provisions at so great a distance from any inhabited country, the committee of the settlers, viz: John Jenkins, John Smith, and Stephen Gardner, thought proper and advised to return, which was agreed to, and the greatest part of the company withdrew, the deponent being one, that a small number were left on the ground who tarried some time longer, as the deponent understood.

The deponent says, at the time they arrived at Wyoming there were not any inhabitants in that country

to his knowledge, except one Teedyuscung, an Indian chief, and a number of Indian families, that the deponent did not discover any appearance of any improvement being made by white people previous to the deponent and the company aforesaid going on to the land.

The deponent further saith, that at the time they withdrew they secured their farming utensils on the ground to be ready for use the spring following, as they expected to return at that time. He also said that early in the month of May, as near as he can recollect, in the year 1763, the deponent, with a small number of others, went on to Wyoming to renew their possessions, that they were soon joined by a large number, being mostly those who had been on the preceding year, that they took on with them horses, oxen, cows, and farming utensils, that they proceeded to plowing, planting corn, and sowing grain of various kinds, building houses and all kinds of farming business, that they made large improvements in Wilkes-Barre, Kingston, Plymouth, and Hanover, as they are now called, that they improved several hundred acres of land with corn and other grain, and procured a large quantity of hay. They carried on their business unmolested until some time in the month of October; that during their residence in Wyoming this season, according to his best recollection, there were about 150 settlers who made improvements, though not so great a number were on the ground at any one time; that he also recollects lands being laid out and lotted on the Susquehannah River the same year, and that he, the deponent, drew a lot at that time in Wilkes-Barre, as it is now called.

That on the 15th day of October, the settlers being in a scattered situation on their respective farms, they were attacked by the savages on surprise, in every part of the settlement, and all at or near the same time, that near twenty of the settlers were killed, the others taken or dispersed, the whole property of the settlers then on the ground fell into the enemy's hands. The deponent recollects the names of several that were killed, viz: The Rev. William Marsh, Thomas Marsh, Timothy Hollister, Timothy Hollister, jr., Nathaniel Hollister, Samuel Richards, Nathaniel Terry, Wright Smith, Daniel Baldwin and his wife, Jesse Wiggins and a woman by the name of Zuriah Whitney. The deponent also recollects that Isaac Hollister, one Mr. Shephard and a son of Daniel Baldwin were taken prisoners as he understood. Several others were killed whose names he does not recollect.

A BRIEF NARRATION
OF THE
CAPTIVITY OF ISAAC HOLLISTER

WHO WAS TAKEN BY THE INDIANS,
ANNO DOMINI, 1763.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Printed and sold at the Printing-Office in
NEW-LONDON.
[1767.]

A BRIEF NARRATION &c.

On the 15th day of October 1763, as I was at work with my father, on the banks of the Susquehannah, the Indians, to the number of 135, came upon us and killed my father on the spot. My brother Timothy, who was at work about half a mile distant, underwent the same fate; as did likewise 14 or 15 others, who were at work in different places.

The Indians, after they had burnt and destroyed all they could, marched off, and carried me up the Susquehannah river 150 miles, to a town called by them Wethouongque; and when we had arrived there, they tied me with a rope about my neck, and an Indian was ordered to lead me, while others beat me with their fists. This they continued to do until I ran about a quarter of a mile. When I arrived at one of their huts, they tied me to one of the spars of the hut, where I remained all that night. The next day they let me loose, but would not let me go out of their sight.

Here I tarried about three months, in which time I underwent many hardships, and had like to have famished with hunger and cold, having nothing to cover me but an old coat and an old blanket, which was almost worn out. My employment was to fetch wood every day upon my back half a mile, which made me almost weary of my life. At this place was brought a young Dutchman, who was taken at the same time and place that I was; and when we had convenient opportunity, we laid our heads together to contrive an escape;

to this end we stole everything we could without being discovered, and hid it in the hollow of an old log.

It was about the latter end of March, as near as I could judge (for it rained successively three or four days, which melted away all the snow and brake up the river) when we had got together about 40 ears of corn, and six cakes of bread each, about the bigness of an hand. The Dutchman tho't it now time for us to endeavor to make our escape, but I was very averse to his proposal, telling him that it would be better for us to wait till the Spring was farther advanced, and the weather grew a little more warm; that we might endure the severity of the nights when we should have nothing but the cold ground to rest our limbs on, and the heavens to cover our almost uncovered bodies; but he was so stiffly bent in his opinion of going off the first opportunity, that I was obliged to come into his measures. The next day at noon we were sent after wood at the usual place, when instead of returning back, we set out with a design to reach the nearest English settlement we could. We ran all the afternoon until evening, when we made a stop and built a fire, where we remained during the night. Early next morning we set out again, but had not gone far before the cold proved so severe that it froze the ends of my toes, and my mockasins being very thin and almost worn out, my toes wore off as fast as they froze. This so far disabled me that it was with great difficulty I could travel, yet we continued our way till about noon, when unable to go any farther, we stopped and made a fire, and after we had warmed and refreshed ourselves, we set out again, and about sun set we arrived

at a very thick swamp in which we were securely covered by the prodigious thickness of the hemlock, with which the swamp abounded. We made a large fire, and notwithstanding the fatigues of our march, and the pain that might be expected to arise from my toes being froze, and being as we apprehended out of danger of any enemy, we rested very comfortably all night. The next day very early we got on our way again; but the weather was so cold that we were unable to proceed very far before we were obliged to make a halt, and to build a fire to keep us from freezing. We stayed in this place two days, when the weather began to moderate to such a degree that we could pursue our route with less danger of being overcome with the severity of the season. Sometimes we travelled all day, at other times but two or three hours in a day; sometimes we stayed two or three days in a place, altho' many times we had tolerably good weather. This remissness began to make me very uneasy. I used all the arguments I possibly could with my companion to persuade him to expedite our escape, but all to no purpose. Sometimes I got hold of his hand, with a view to force him along, but nothing would move him. It looks to me very probable, had we made the best use of our shatter'd limbs, we might have reached some English fort or settlement before his death. In this dismal condition I knew not what to do—leave him I could not, for we had but one hatchet, and the nights still pretty cold, so that we could not endure them without a fire. Thus we mov'd on slowly for several days, until all our provision were spent: By this time we had arrived at a small creek which extends its course about S. E. and empties itself into the Susquehannah.

We had not gone far down this creek before we stopt, and built a fire, and sat down, but were soon surprised at the appearance of an Indian, who came very near before we discovered each other. He no sooner saw us than he turn'd short about, and ran down by the creek; and as soon as he was out of sight, we made all the haste we could to a hill that lay a little before us, on the south side of which the snow was all gone and the ground dry, by which means we made our escape. The Indian soon alarmed his companions who lay at a little distance and pursued us, but the ground being so hard and dry it was impossible for them to track us, which made them soon give over pursuing. After tarrying on this hill two days, we proceeded on our way, but had nothing to eat but the bark of trees, on which alone we lived 10 days, without eating anything else. The fourth day after we left this hill we began to grow weary and faint, but the fear of an enemy banished all hunger from us. We continued travelling until the seventh day, when we stopped again, when my companion, as I suppose was overcome with fasting (tho' he never complained) and began to be unable to help himself. I nursed him as well as I could. The second day he made an attempt to go to a spring at a small distance, but was so weak he fell down several times before he could get there, and it was with difficulty he got back again; after this he never was able to walk any more. I know not whether he apprehended his end to be so near, but the third night he died. The afternoon before his death he said but few words, tho' I often tried to discourse with him. In the evening he told me, that if I died

first, he would not have me afraid to eat of his flesh, for I am determin'd, says he, to eat of yours, if you should die before me.

And now I was left all alone, stript of every comfort of life, and knew not which way to turn myself. I thought the absolute necessity I was in, would excuse my pursuing the advice he gave me, of eating his flesh as soon as dead: I went immediately about performing the disagreeable operation, and cut off 5 or 6 pounds of his legs and thighs:—I left the rest and made the best way I could down the creek. I had not travelled but four days before I arrived at an Indian town, where I was soon discovered; and being taken up by them, they conveyed me to one of their huts.

They demanded of me from whence I came? and after I had answered their demands, they gave me some parched corn to eat.

The next day all the Indians left their habitations, and carried me directly back to the place from whence I had made my escape.

My old masters being so vexed at my leaving them, that they were resolutely bent to have me burnt: But a council being called upon the occasion, they thought death too severe a punishment, considering I was but young, and concluded that I should not have attempted an escape, had not the Dutchman enticed me away. Therefore they contented themselves with ordering me to be whipt on the naked body.

Accordingly, next day I was brought forth, strip'd stark naked, and ordered to run; while the Indians, who were ranged in a row, at certain distances, in a most cruel and barbarous manner, belaboured me with

their whips,—by which they sometimes laid me level with the ground, by their blows.—Thus they continued to lash me, until I had run about 40 rods, when I received a prodigious blow from one of them, which settled me to the ground as quick as if I had been shot through the heart. I was so stunned by the blow, that it seems I should never have recovered again, had not an old squaw run immediately to my relief, and helped me into her hut. By this time my whole body was covered with gore and blood.

I tarried here after this about 14 days, and then they sent me up to the Senecas about 150 miles off. I lived here one year, in which time I suffered almost insurmountable hardships: being sometimes almost famished to death with hunger, at other times greatly suffering from the cold, and some times nearly perishing with both. For the most part of the time we had nothing but ground nuts and herbs to subsist upon in the summer, and red plums in the winter. Several of the Indians actually starved to death.

From this place they carried me to Alaganey, a branch of the River Ohio, and from *Alaganey down the river to the place where it emptied itself into the Ohio. After staying here about a month, they carried me down the Ohio three hundred miles. Here I found my Indian father and mother, and was very kindly received by them, and all the other Indians. They supplied me with a good blanket and other necessary cloathing, and provisions in great plenty.

And now the happy time began to draw near, when I should be released, for after I had been in this place

*Alaganey is the name of a place upon the river of the same name.

three or four months, to my great joy an Indian came from Sir William Johnson, with orders that all the prisoners should be released.

And after they had stripped me of almost everything I had about me, I was conducted by my guide to Fort Du-Quesne, where I was delivered up to the commanding officer, and cloathing was ordered for me.

But having undergone so many hardships during my stay among the savages, I looked like a mere skeleton. I remained here about eleven months; at the end of which I was sent to Philadelphia, where I tarried about three months; from thence I went to New London, where I arrived the 14th day of April, 1767, to the great joy of my mother, brothers, and sisters; Being absent three years and six months.

I would take this opportunity to return my most unfeigned thanks to all those gentlemen and ladies who were so generous as to contribute a considerable sum of money on my behalf.



3 0112 058379386